

## DYNAMITE IS FICKLE.

YOU CAN NEVER TELL WHAT A CARTRIDGE WILL DO NEXT.

Some interesting stories of the cranky nature of the stuff, which, a boss blaster says, is as contradictory as a woman.

"A cartridge of dynamite is pretty much like a woman—you can never tell what it is going to do next, because it doesn't know itself," said a boss blaster. "I have seen a powder salesman throw a cartridge of dynamite into the red-hot fire box of a 20 horse boiler, and the stuff just burned like lard. Next day I saw a cart boy repeat the experiment with a blacksmith's forge and a pile of dynamite no larger than a pen—and there will be a wholesome fear and soft coal in that boy as long as he lives."

"I have seen a case of 100 sticks of dynamite fall 800 feet down a shaft and never wink, and I've seen an Indian drop a half cartridge from his hand to his boot and not a grease spot did the poor fellow leave behind. At that the poor fellow deserved a better fate, for he made a desperate fight for it before he scattered."

"He was loading a block hole at the time and had just broken a cartridge in half when he dropped one of the pieces. Before it could touch the ground he sort of half caught it, and then began a desperate brief juggling act. Again and again he half caught the deadly thing. Then he missed it. He made one last effort and stuck out his foot to break the fall against the hard ground, but it didn't work. There was a bang, and it was lucky no one stood near him. Which shows that dynamite is like a woman, because in my time I have dropped similarly hundreds of cartridges of dynamite, and still I am here and with a good digestion."

"But it is in winter, when dynamite freezes, that it is most capricious. Then if you want it to go off it simply refuses, or burns with a dull roar, like a boiler blowing off steam. It is in thawing dynamite that most of the accidents happen about which you read. There are two ways of thawing dynamite—one by placing the cartridges on a steam boiler or within safe distance of a fire; the other by immersing them in pulls of hot water. As the latter method draws out considerable of the ultraglycerin from the cartridges, and therefore weakens them, it is often discarded in favor of the more risky thawing by an open fire."

"I once saw an experienced powder man thaw a dozen cartridges by an open fire, though, as the sequel will show, he completely lost his head when suddenly confronted with an unusual emergency. He had placed the cartridges within a foot of an open wood fire and had seated himself near by to await developments when one of the cartridges caught fire."

"Had he left it to burn itself out the chances are a thousand to one that nothing very startling would have happened, for it is concussion and not fire that explodes dynamite. Instead, he rushed forward, picked up the burning stick by one end, and holding it upward like a candle began to blow and blow until he was black in the face. He never let go until the flame began to nip his fingers, and then in his excitement he threw the cartridge to the ground and began to stamp and grind on it with his heels as if he were killing a snake; and, by thunder! he stamped out the burning cartridge and lived to tell about it! The cart boys called him 'Angel' after that, because by rights he ought to be an angel now."

"One day a professor from Stevens Institute of Technology came to the quarry and asked me to perform a certain experiment for him. We printed with dynamite direct from a newspaper on to a block of iron. The professor said the experiment proved most interesting, as he had discovered among other things that dynamite works downward and not upward, like black powder. Our way of proving that in a quarry is to lay a stick of dynamite on top of a boulder. After the shot the boulder is smashed to bits."

"But the professor had his own notions. He carried three round blocks of iron six inches in diameter and three inches thick. Then he took a newspaper from his pocket and spread one sheet over the face of the block. I placed half a stick of dynamite on top and covered it with a little heap of sand and touched her off. You would hardly believe the result, but you can see the block on exhibition in a glass case in the Stevens Institute library, and you can read on it distinctly—of course, the type appears backward—the printing of that part of the paper which covered the block at the time of the explosion."

"But the professor had another wrinkle up his sleeve. He picked an ordinary oak leaf and spread it over the face of a second block. I prepared a charge similar to the first, and this time the ribs of the leaf and even its outlines appeared distinctly pressed into the iron surface. According to the professor, the action of the dynamite was so quick that the ribs of the leaf had not time to burst apart before they were impressed on the iron. In the case of the newspaper the printed letters were harder than the surrounding white of the paper, therefore the impression."

"The professor's third block is not on exhibition for the reason that we never found a piece of it larger than a clove—and that reminds me, what do you say?" The reporter said "Yes."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The careful reader of a few good newspapers can learn more in a year than most scholars do in their great libraries.—F. B. Sanborn.

## AWESOME TREES.

How the Giants of the Yosemite Impressed a Traveler.

We made a side trip to the big trees of the Mariposa group, which are about one hour's ride from the hotel, says a correspondent. If the smallest of these trees could be planted anywhere in Pennsylvania, the railroads would run excursion trains to it and make money. The trees in this grove are so large that it takes a good while to fully appreciate the facts about the size of the biggest of them. The "Grizzly Giant" is 34 feet through at the base and over 300 feet high. This tree would overtop the spires on the Pittsburgh cathedral by about 100 feet. The trunk of this tree is 100 feet clear to the first limb, which is 20 feet in circumference. Many other trees here are nearly as large as this one, and there are 400 in the grove.

Through it several tunnels have been cut, and a four horse stage can go through these tunnels on the run and never graze a hub. You get an approach to an adequate idea of their size by walking off a hundred yards or so while the stage is standing at the foot of a tree and glancing from top to bottom, keeping the stage in mind as a means of comparison. The stage and horses look like the little tin outfit that Santa Clause brought you when you were a good little boy.

"These trees are no longer to be called the largest in the world, however. A species of eucalyptus has been found in Australia as large or larger. Emerson warns us against the use of the superlative, but when you are in this region of the globe you can't get along without a liberal use of it. He himself says of Yosemite, 'It is the only spot I have ever found that came up to the brag.' And as I stood in the big tree grove I remembered that some one called Emerson himself 'The Sequela of the human race.'—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## THE CHINESE EAR CLEANER.

One of the Strange Sights to Be Seen in Manila Streets.

In this city of strange and unusual sights there is probably nothing that appears so strange at first sight to the American as the Chinese ear cleaner pursuing his calling on the street corners. The Chinaman so engaged is provided with a stool and a small bamboo case, in which are inclosed his instruments.

The Filipino is just as sure of having his ears cleaned on Sunday as an American is of having a shave, and in the by streets and alleyways they line up for all the world like a barber shop on Sunday morning, the only difference being the Chinaman can't say "next."

First of all the Chinese takes a razor, which looks more like a propeller blade than anything else, and, wiping the victim's face with a wet rag, proceeds to mop the dirt therefrom. While watching this part of the proceedings I was surprised at the flexibility of the native nose as demonstrated by the skillful fingers of the operator. To windward, to leeward, on its stern, beam and bow the native's nose is rapidly twisted to avoid the aforesaid razor. Having removed the real estate from the native's face, the Chinaman turns to the more difficult task of ear cleaning. The smallest spot of dirt and the tiniest flesh worm is removed before the operation is complete, and from the "heavenly expression" one would imagine that the operation was anything but pleasant.—Manila Freeman.

## Two Politicians.

One of the first things done by a stranger visiting Albany, says the Philadelphia Call, is to pay 25 cents and put himself at the mercy of a capitol guide.

The guide makes a profound and obsequious bow, like a prestidigitator about to charm an audience, and proceeds to lift the veil which hides the mysteries of the great building.

On a recent occasion the guide led a stranger regretfully past "McGill's" empty frame and proceeded to identify the heads of notables that decorate the stairway. He did fairly well until the stranger pointed out Shakespeare and Homer and asked who they were.

"Them," replied the guide, undaunted, "are the heads of two politicians whose names I disremember."

## Newspaper Obituaries.

By this time, one would think, nearly everybody has ceased to wonder at the way in which newspapers can come out with column after column of biography the very morning after some eminent person has passed away, and it is an open secret that a carefully written "life" has been pigeon-holed in the office for months—nay, years—before.

Biographies, interviews, personal paragraphs, all yield their quota to the compiling of an obituary, but in some cases the subject has the gruesome experience of being waited upon while yet living to furnish materials for the notice.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## The Largest Natural Bridge.

Down on Pine creek, near Camp Verde, A. T., is a natural bridge that is probably greater than any other in the world. It is nearly five times the size of the natural bridge of Virginia and has a span of more than 500 feet across Pine creek, which is dry 300 days in the year. The height of the bridge is about 80 feet, and it is about 600 feet wide.—Chicago Record.

## Victorian Era Explained.

"Why is it?" asked Miss Bookwise, "that literature always flourishes when a queen comes to the throne?"

"Because, I suppose," answered Mr. Knowlins, "if one wants to be post laureate he has to write to the queen's taste."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## THE CHARM CAME BACK.

A Story of Witchcraft in England in the Seventeenth Century.

Here is a story of witchcraft. The lord chief justice, Holt, of England, who flourished in the seventeenth century, told it of himself. As a young man, perhaps more sprightly than some, he found himself once in the country without any money. He went, however, boldly to the first roadside inn and ordered bed and board. By the fireside he saw a girl shivering with ague. "Why let your child suffer?" he asked. "I will cure her for you in a single night." Thereupon he wrote certain characters on a slip of paper, rolled it up in a cloth and told the girl to tie that round her neck and to go to bed, and in the morning she would be well. This she did. Well did she rest, and in the morning she was well.

Holt stayed a few days at the inn, and on his departure boldly asked for his bill. "Sir," said the hostess, "it is I who owe you, not you who owe me." So he departed. Forty years afterward, being on circuit, he had to try a woman charged with sorcery and witchcraft. She healed sick persons miraculously, and therefore by the help of the devil. Being questioned, she acknowledged that she used a charm which generally worked a cure.

"Let me look at it," said the judge. She handed him a small cloth roll. Within it he found a paper with certain characters. Then the memory of his trick came back to him.

"You were yourself," he said, "once cured of an ague by the use of this charm?"

She said that was so. Then he turned to the jury and related the whole story and dismissed the poor old woman. But as for the charm, the court impounded it and the poor witch lost her power.—Detroit News.

## SHORT ON GOOD STORIES.

The Predicament of a Woman With Seven Calls to Make.

"Seven visits to make in one afternoon! Well, I think I can manage it. Some of them may not be at home, and I can make an early start. Let me see. There's that anecdote about Ethel's fox terrier and the cute speech of little Bob and that awfully clever thing that Dexter told the other night about the Goddess of Liberty. Is that all I have in stock? Oh, dear, no! There's that quotation from 'The Pneumatic Woman' that struck me so. I haven't got it off to any one yet, and I dare say it will go as original. Not one person in ten has heard of 'The Pneumatic Woman.'"

"Is that enough for seven calls? I'm afraid not. Well, there's always the weather. Really, if it came to the point, I'd rather talk interestingly about any old subject than stupidly about a brand new one. There's more art in it. I wonder if I dare risk that joke about Clara again? I've told it so many times lately—indeed, I won't be sure that some of the times were not at the very places I'm going."

"How mean it is that Maude made me promise not to repeat that lovely bit of gossip she gave me this morning! I haven't heard anything so delicious for a long time. Well," with a sigh, "I promised on my word of honor I wouldn't tell, and"—another sigh—"why, here we are at Mrs. Somebody's. I wonder if I have enough to talk about for seven calls? Oh, well, some of them may be out—and—oh, dear, if I only hadn't promised Maude!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Wholly Discouraged.

"No, ma'am, I don't like 'em," said Mr. Cumrox with emphasis. "I'm free to say these dialect stories makes me tired. Half the words in 'em ain't in the dictionary."

"But you might cultivate a liking for them," said his wife's sister. "It is something like music. You may not have much of an ear for it at first, but if you keep at it you will soon appreciate it."

"Well, maybe I will some day, but I'd rather have something solid. I'd like to begin on some of my youngest girl's school books and go right through 'em. That's the sort of reading that I'd enjoy spending time on."

He picked up one of his daughter's books which happened to be lying near. It was a copy of Virgil, which his daughter had been translating into English. He stared solemnly at the first page of the Latin epic for awhile and then slowly turned the leaf. When his eyes had got down to the middle of the next page, he laid the volume down with a sigh.

"It's no use," he exclaimed regretfully.

"What is of no use?"

"My trying to read dialect. And I must say that this thing of teachin' it in the public schools strikes me as plaguy foolishness."—Washington Star.

## Champion Trouble Borrower.

"I have known a good many borrowers of trouble," said the man with the glasses, "but the worst case, I think, is that of a friend of mine who has picked out his own pallbearers and made them all promise that they will insist upon having probes stuck into him before he is buried, so as to be sure that he is really dead."

"That is an aggravated case," replied his companion, "but I know of one that beats it. The wife of a poet of my acquaintance is worrying because he may get rich and go out in society where they will datter and spoil him."—Chicago Times-Herald.

## A Hasty Reply.

"What'll I do with this lot of raw recruits?" asked the Pacific Islander. "Raw recruits?" echoed the chief absentmindedly. "What's the use of bothering me with such foolish questions? Turn 'em over to the cook."—Washington Star.

## IF I WERE YOU.

I wouldn't think about distress, if I were you;  
I wouldn't even once confess  
To ever feeling blue.  
But when the sun is well disposed  
To shine upon our friends and foes  
I'd be content with even less,  
If I were you.

Just let it rain or snow or shine;  
Twilt bring no gain;  
To blame misfortune or repine;  
The longest lane  
Will end sometime, and every day  
Roses will bloom along the way,  
Because of rain.

Then sing your songs; cry if you must,  
But keep in view  
The healthy soul inspiring trust  
That's always due  
To them that strive to live above  
All earthly things—excepting love;  
I'd let all other treasures rust,  
If I were you!

—Facts and Fiction.

## FATE OF A CAESAR'S ASHES.

Shakespeare's Conceit Finds a Counterpart in Reality.

When Shakespeare put in the mouth of Hamlet the curious conceit about the dust of the great Alexander having become loam and then stopping a bung hole in a beer barrel, he had seemed to reach the ultimate extravagance of imagination. Yet, near the Porta Salaria a still more unexpected extravagance was revealed after the excavations carried on there. In these a cippus, or sepulchral column, containing a cinerary urn of rare oriental alabaster was brought to light. The inscription on the cippus revealed that the ashes contained within the urn were those of Caius Pius Licinius, who, in February, A. D. 69, was proclaimed Caesar by the Emperor Galba. Four days afterward Galba was killed, and Pius also suffered death in his thirty-first year. His were the ashes that the alabaster urn contained.

The precious urn was given to a workman employed on the premises to take care of. Some days after, when the proprietor of the place asked for the urn, he found it empty. "Where," said he, "are the ashes that were here?" The workman, surprised, said that he gathered them together and, never dreaming that they were any good, but being white and clean, sent them to his wife to make lye for her washing! And thus, said the late Shakespeare Wood, describing this incident, have the ashes of an imperial Caesar, adopted by Galba as Tiberius was adopted by Augustus and accepted by the senate, been used more than 18 centuries after his death by a Roman washerwoman to cleanse her dirty linen, together with the ashes of other members of the family in whose veins flowed the noble blood of Cæsar and of Pompey the Great!—Baltimore Sun.

## His Nerve Won.

"It was such a good joke on me," said the girl in gray to the girl in blue as they stirred their chocolate, "that I must tell you."

"You know how John has been proposing to me at regular intervals ever since he was out of knickerbockers. Well, he did it again the other night, and, with his usual facility, chose an occasion when I was very cross."

"He did it a little more awkwardly than usual, too, deliberately choosing the old fashioned method of offering me 'his hand and heart.'"

Here she paused to drink some chocolate, and the girl in blue asked breathlessly what she said.

"Oh," remarked the other in the tone of one relating an event of no importance, "I told him that I believed I was already provided with the full quota of bodily organs, and that I wouldn't deprive him."

"And what did he say?"

"Well, Belle, that's the funny thing. He seemed to brace up, and said politely that at any rate there was no doubt about my having my full share of cheek! And I was so delighted to find a man capable of even that much repartee on being rejected—that I accepted him."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Hawthorne and Salem.

Way down in a little side street in Salem is Hawthorne's birthplace. It is modest, but with a proper house with a gambrel roof, without which no house need apply for the position of bringing forth celebrities. Beyond is that bore of a custom house, and all around are houses of seven gables. You will be pursued by little boys who spot your tourist's intent and who give you Hawthorne's history at a rate that threatens the arch's tongue and teeth. When they are through, if you have not understood it all, they will say it all over again. A penny in the slot phonograph could do it no better.—Time and the Hour.

## A Remarkable Career.

The most remarkable official career in the United States was that of John Quincy Adams. It extended over 48 years, and embraced 15 years in the diplomatic service as minister to Russia, Prussia and the Netherlands, five years as senator, eight years as secretary of state, four years as president and 16 years as a representative in congress.

## Bonner's Drink.

Somebody asked Robert Bonner once if he were a teetotaler.

"Am I a teetotaler? No," said Mr. Bonner in answer to the question; "no, I am not a teetotaler. I had a glass of sherry when I came to New York in 1844."

It is not on record whether he ever took another.

I don't like punishments. You will never torture a child into duty, but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother more than all the rods, dark rooms and scolding school mistresses in the universe.—White.

So penetrating is water at high pressure that only special qualities of cast iron will withstand it.

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## What Others Say of the Book.

## REV. C. W. SAVIDGE,

Founder and pastor of the People's Church, Omaha, writes: "I have received a copy of the 'Perfected Receipt Book' and am highly pleased with it. It will be of great value to the public. I wish it a large sale."

## REV J. C. LEMON,

Founder of the Christian Home Orphanage, Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes: "It is a very valuable book, and I fail to see how it could be improved upon."

## A. C. HAMMOND,

A prominent stockman of Stockton, Kansas, writes: "I would not take \$5.00 for one of the receipts in your Receipt Book."

## W. R. ROBERTS,

For many years cashier of the Citizen's Bank of Omaha, writes: "I received your Receipt Book and have examined it carefully, and am more and more pleased with it. It is the most complete work I ever saw."

## B F. BERRY,

Of Irwin, Iowa, writes: "Recently two of my hogs took sick with hog cholera and one died within twenty-four hours. I had your receipt for hog cholera filled, as given in Kendall's Perfected Receipt Book, and I gave it immediately. It cured the other sick one and prevented the others from getting sick. I think it saved my herd of thirty-one. Your receipt book ought to be in every family for I think it is worth twenty times the price asked for it (25c). I shall always believe that your receipt for hog cholera is just the medicine for hogs, for it saved my sick one and prevented the rest from getting sick. If my theory is correct, as I believe it is, it saved me at least \$150. I wish all who are losing hogs would get a receipt book and try this remedy. The book seems to be full of other good things also."